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[Author's Note]

Hello everyone! Author here, this is my very first book so I hope you guys enjoy what I've created here

But obviously, let's start off with any content warnings before you continue

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This book may include ;

- Angst/Drama
- History entirely made up for plot
- Google Translate
- Racism
- Sunshine Harem
- Male Philip (I don't like Fem!Phil, sorry)
- Dark Topics such as depression, war, abuse, bullying
- Curse words (obviously)

(This may change as the book continues, I will add warnings to the top of the chapters if it does however get dark.)

Credits ;

Wall
- For helping brainstorm the plot and proofreading the story.

Pie
- Artwork from the cover photo.
- IRL friend, they asked to use a fake name since they don't have socials.

[Prologue ; Disappearance]

Eccedentesiast.

That's the word to describe someone who puts on a fake smile.

[Third Person POV]

Things changed when ***he*** suddenly vanished. He didn't even tell

anyone, not a single soul knew where he went.

This made all the countries that knew him worried sick, especially those who were close to him.

He was famously known as "Sunshine."

Why is that? Well, he always had a smile on his face. A smile that can brighten someone's day, pull them out of the night. He was the bright light people would always imagine when they think of the word, Sunshine.

[KKK' POV || American Colonization]

The man known as KKK, or rather, Katipunan was laying motionless on the floor. His hand over his bleeding chest as his lungs begged for air.

I was dying.

No. I can't die yet. My sons… They need me! I can't die. I refuse.

With my weak and bloody arms, I push myself up. Everything ached. My ears were ringing. The rough gravel dirt scratched and clawed at my weak skin. I slowly move my chin up.

Him.

That Americano! HE betrayed us.

I see the blurry figure in front of me, unmoving. I can't properly see his face, but I already knew, it would be cold as ever.

“I'm sorry it had to go this way, Katipunan. This is for your own good.”

I can feel my mouth go dry as I clenched my jaw. His voice aggrivates me. Soon, I hear a small click of a gun's safety latch. This is where I end, huh?

I am sorry, my sons. Now, I must go with the burden, knowing I couldn't be there for you. I couldn't watch you grow up into beautiful handsome boys. I couldn't watch you grow up to be big and strong like your father.

“Please… Watch over my sons.”

And with my final breath, my final wish, is for someone to watch over them for me, to protect them when I couldn't.

A loud bang echoed.

[America's POV || Present Time]

I let out a tired groan, slowly opening my eyes. I was met with the usual white ceiling above me. I sigh, sitting up as I rubbed my eyes, blinking a few times to let my eyes adjust and unblur.

Throwing off the blanket that was on me, I get up, stretching my back. I let out a rather big yawn, scratching my nape as I head to the bathroom. Damn… What time is it?

I head over to the sink, turning on the tap as I splash my face with the cold water. It sent a shiver down my spine but it did wake me up. I lift my head up, staring into the mirror. I look like shit.

I smile to myself, standing up straight. 'Still got it, America.' I click my tongue, pointing finger guns to myself in the mirror. I dry my face with a towel, heading back to my bedroom.

My phone vibrates which catches my attention.

'It's my day off… Ugh.'

I sigh deeply, 'Well that ruined my mood.' Walking over to pick up my phone.

———————

'Twitter' 11:24am 100%

< This is a mass-sent message. All countries please head to Country World Leaders Association Building. This is an emergency meeting. Be there by 1pm.
Seen, 11:23am

I forgot I set Sir UN's nickname as Twitter. I snicker to myself but quickly regain back my seriousness.

Another meeting? Most importantly, an emergency meeting? We hadn't had an emergency meeting with all the countries since… World War II.

I have a bad feeling about this.

[Third Person POV || Country World Leaders Association]

America arrived to the building alongside his brother, Canada. Both males were wearing a black formal suit that had a patch of their flag on the left shoulder. Of course, Ame wouldn't be complete without his sunglasses. Why's he wearing sunglasses indoors? Because he can. Same for Canada with his fuzzy raccoon hat.

The two brothers step inside the building and greeted the usual humans that worked alongside the Country Leaders. These humans were the different Political Figures in the different countries.

Both were quiet during the elevator ride to the top floor. America

had an unreadable expression, staring blankly at the metal door. Canada, however, had a nervous look on his face. The Canadian let out a nervous sigh which caught America's attention.

“You aight', little bro?” Ame questions the slightly smaller country, by only a few inches that is.

“Yeah, I'm fine, Ame. Isn't it odd Sir. UN suddenly called us all for an emergency meeting? I mean, last time was for World War II but this one is odd, no country had any bad fights that could even cause one! So, why is there an emergency meeting?” Canada ranted to his brother.

Ame patted his brother on the back. “Don't worry, I'm sure it's not another war. Let's just get this over with and done.” He readjusted his sunglasses.

With a small ding, the elevator door opened and the two walked out. There, they were met by a few other countries who also had just arrived and we're walking down the hall to enter the meeting room.

He saw a few familiar faces like South Korea along with North Korea, Germany, Ukraine, Belarus, Kazakhstan, Malaysia with Indonesia, and many more.

The American's face went sour when he saw the familiar red, white, and blue, ushanka wearing country. That communist.

It was now exactly 1:00pm, in this timezone anyway.

“Is everyone here?” Called out the tall blue organization. Their name was United Nations, one of the big guys. Organizations were naturally much taller than the countries, usually standing at about

9-10ft depending on the amount of members they had.

Everyone glanced around the room, but a country butted in.

“Where's Philippines?”

It was America who spoke. The two were close, everyone knew that.

“That's why I called the meeting today, let us start.” The large screen behind him turned on, showing a blank white screen which soon switched to a photo of the Sunshine Country. This caused a lot of countries to question and whisper, murmurs filled the room as the aura turned tense.

“Has anyone spoken to Sir. Philippines in the last week?” Sir. ASEAN spoke, standing next to UN. Murmurs pursue.

America especially had an odd feeling about this… A sudden meeting about Sunshine? Why is he not here? Did something happen? I swear if somebody laid their nasty fingers on my Phil—

“Sir. ASEAN, I talked with Phil over the phone 6 days ago. He kept talking about something and generally sounded panicked. He stopped responding after that call.” A hand was raised, it was Indonesia who seemed worried for his friend.

'Panicked? He just stopped responding, like that?' Ame thought, he was tense. Too tense.

“Do you have a recording of the call, Indo?” ASEAN asked the Monaco looking guy. Indo nodded, walking over to ASEAN and handed him his phone. They started playing the recording, everyone was quiet, anticipating. Although, those who weren't that close to Phil wasn't as nervous or tense but was still intrigued.

Those who were close with the country were the ASEANs of course, America, Japan, Spain, South Korea, Israel, Vietnam, and as much as America hates to say it, Russia and China. He was known by many more but he was especially close to this group.

“I-Indo. About what I said last week, I think it's getting worse.”

America and a few other countries perked up, hearing the panicked Filipino's voice.

“Philip? What's wrong, why are you calling at 2 in the morning…?
What do you mean it got worse?”

“I mean it got worse!— It's like **HE** is watching me practically everywhere! I don't know what to do, I—”

“Woah woah!
Take a breather, Phil.
I'm heading to your place, stay put.”

“No no, Indo, you don't understand!
HE is listening! You shouldn't come here.
Please, listen to me—”

The recording cut off.

Hearing Philip's voice sent chills to everyone's spine, even North.

“…I went to Phil's place after the call and found the place ransacked with him missing. I called Sir. UN and well—”

“I called an emergency meeting.” Sir. UN added.

Words cannot express how distraught a lot of the countries were. Their Sunshine was missing.

A loud bang echoed the entire room.

“THIS IS YOUR FAULT, RUSSIA!”

America banged the desk so loud, you could've swore it cracked.

The bang caused multiple countries to flinch, especially the Country Associations.

“Простите, сука?” *(Excuse me, Bitch?)* Russia stood up from his chair, glaring at the capitalist pig.

“I **KNOW** you were the last person to talk with Sunshine face to face! I heard that you two went on a private meeting!” America shouted at the tall communist, his gray eyes glaring through his sunglasses.

All eyes were on the two countries.

Russia growled under his breath, muttering something in his language before straightening his back and turning to America.

“And how did you know about that, you pig? You had a spy or something?” Russia snarled.

“ENOUGH!” Shouted Sir UN, his voice booming through the entire room which made Russia and America sit.

“No one will fight. Let us focus on the matter at hand.” Sir ASEAN sighed, rubbing the bridge of their nose. They act like children.

“First things first, one of the main things we have noticed is that Phil's islands disappeared off the map.” Sir NATO started. The giant screen switched to the world map, where the Philippine Islands were nowhere to be seen.

“We ask for any of the neighboring countries to patrol the area and see what happened to the islands,” NATO added.

Two countries raised their hands.

“We will check on the islands, sir,” It was Indonesia who spoke, the other that raised their hand was Malaysia.

“We can send in a few boats to go visit the Philippine islands and check what happened,” Malaysia spoke.

“Good, please contact us immediately once you've found something, anything that may lead to where Philip has disappeared to.” Sir ASEAN nodded. The two rice gang members sat down.

“Next, We would like to ask everyone to keep guard of your own countries as well. We do not want anymore countries to keep disappearing, stay in your own country for your safety. If you do

need to go out of your own country, please go with another person.” Sir UN turned off the screen.

“Meeting Dismissed.”

[Chapter 1 ; Lost & Found]

Warning, this chapter contains ;

Excessive Cursing

[Russia's POV || 4:28am]

It has been 24 years since Sunshine was pronounced missing. When Malaysia and Indonesia sent their boats to the Philippine Islands, the entire area was covered in thick fog, almost all the boats went missing and those who came back alive said those boats were shot down.

What the hell is happening?

I let out a loud grunt as I sit up from my bed, staring into the wall in front of me. Philip… A lot of the other countries already suspected he was dead but most of us refused to believe that, even me.

Yeah, I was close with Philip but we don't interact much, only during meetings. It feels odd and uneasy without Philip during meetings the past 24 years.

I let out a long tired sigh, pushing my heavy body up from my comfort of a bed and started heading out, my ushanka tilted to the side of my head. I scratched the side of my neck as I yawn, my sharp canines showing.

I didn't live with my siblings, most of us have our own separate houses. Doesn't stop them from randomly barging in every so often just to have a 'sibling reunion'. It's annoying, they do it every month.

I drag myself to the kitchen, opening the fridge as the cold breeze hits my skin which doesn't faze me at all, I've been through colder temperatures, especially early in the morning.

I close the fridge after not finding what I was looking for. What even was I looking for?

I head to the coffee maker instead, popping a coffee pod in and turned it on. Some vodka would be good right now, but I'm not feeling it.

Russia's been down in the dumps ever since Philip disappeared to who knows where. I won't stop searching for the short Filipino, not til I'm dead.

I was brought back to reality when I heard the beeping of the coffee machine, signalling my coffee was ready. I pour the hot liquid into my mug and took a sip. 'Hot.' I thought to myself, placing the cup down on the counter to let it cool as I lean on it, returning back to my deep thoughts.

Ding.

I perk up, scowering through my pocket to fish out my phone, checking my messages.

United Nations? What is it now? Is it about Philip? I hope so.

United Nations 4:56am 85%

< Attention all countries who have received this message. Please head immediately to the Country World Leaders Association Building by 8am. Thank you.
Seen, 4:56am

I pause at the sudden message, thinking what it would be about. It's not an emergency meeting. So what could it be about?

I shake my head. 'It's probably nothing,' I thought to myself, heading back to my room to get ready.

[Third Person POV || CWLA Building]

Russia arrived to the building at exactly 7:30am. He already noticed a few familiar faces and those he guessed did not get an invite.

Russia let out a heavy sigh, pushing the doors open to sit down on his designated area. He sat in-between Spain, Japan, him, then Brunei, and so on.

Japan turned to Russia, keeping his upright posture.
"Did UN tell you what this meeting is about?" Japan asks.

Russia shakes his head in response. "No."

Japan leaned back on his chair, looking away from the Russian. "Thanks." Japan took out his phone, looking down as he scrolled through his phone just to pass the time.

Russia decided to take out his phone as well as he looked at which countries were in a room. Gives a good idea on what it's going to be about. Russia is quiet but observant.

The countries he mostly noticed that was chatting away in their

designated area was; Brunei, Cambodia, Indonesia, Laos, Malaysia, Myanmar, Singapore, Thailand, and Vietnam. There was even an extra chair added for Timor Leste. They were all (most) part of the ASEANS Orginization.

He glanced around the room some more, noticing other familiar faces. It was; Japan, Spain, Israel, South Korea, North Korea, China, Germany, and Mexico.

An odd selection of countries... Russia furrowed his eyes a little, noticing China and North Korea are sitting beside each other this time and not separate. What are they planning?

A loud bang echoed through the room. It was America. He threw open the doors and walked inside, looking pissed which caught the attention of the other countries who were there.

“This meeting better be so important that it has to pause the search parties I set up.” America growled at the Organizations.

“America, please sit down. *We* didn't call the meeting today.” Sir UN spoke.

All the countries started to glance at each other then back to the main table where those who usually called the meeting would sit as well as the organizations.

“Then who called the meeting? Cause if it's for something so

fucking small, I swear I'm gonna kick that son of a bitc—”

“Sit down, Joe.” A familiar voice spoke behind the American.

Ame froze in his spot, slowly turning around. His expression quickly changed to a surprised look, eyes wide. This caught the attention of the other countries and caused them to tense up as well.

Standing in front of the door was Philippines, a stern and cold expression on his face.

Ame started to speak, his voice stampered. “P-Phil! You're back!—”

“Sit down.” Phil kept his upright and intimidating stance. The entire room was quiet as Ame shuffled to his chair, sitting down.

They watched as Phil walked to the front chair. That was when everyone knew, Philippines was the one who called the meeting.

The room was quiet, the aura was tight and deafening. No one dared to speak.

Sir. UN cleared their throat. “As you may of all guessed, Sir. Philippines was the one who called the meeting today. Please give him some time to explain why he disappeared.”

All eyes turned on Phil. His expression and aura was completely different as to before he went missing 25 years ago.

What happened?

“As you may all have known, I went 'missing' exactly 25 years ago. I do apologize for the sudden disappearance without notice to anyone. My country was sent on lockdown due to some… circumstances that happened which I will not disclose just yet. I do greatly apologize as well to the boats sent by Malaysia and Indonesia to my country. If you have any other questions regarding other than the lockdown, I may very well answer them.”

A country stood up. “Why the fuck didn't you tell me?!” Shouted Ame, slamming the desk.

Phil glared at Ame with his golden eyes, furrowing his eyebrows. “Don't yell at me, America. I didn't need to tell you shit.” All the countries in the room stayed quiet, not wanting to get dragged into the argument.

America glared back. ‘Did he just call me America…? Mahal always calls me Joe…’

“Hah?! Is that what it is now?! I know we didn't have the best history together, Mahal but—” Ame was quickly cut off.

“Don't call me 'Mahal'.” Phil's voice deepened, becoming more menacing and intimidating. Ame sunk down his seat, grinding his teeth together as he crossed his arms, mumbling something under his breath.

A country spoke after a good few seconds of silence. “Ah, Phil… About the call we had before you went on this, lockdown. What happened?” Indonesia raised his hand, obviously worried for his friend.

“Sorry if I had scared you, Indonesia. It was nothing. Please do not think of anything about that call or what I told you back then, it was 25 years ago. It's not important now.” Phil sighed, leaning back on his chair.

‘Sunshine is… different now.’

Was all the countries could think of in this moment and time. Phil didn't have his usual smile, his bubbly expression and open and flowy poses.

Now, Philip had a dark and gloomy aura, more tense and stuff posture like a chief. More assertive and intimidating. What happened to their Sunshine?

What happened in all those years that Phil changed so much?

Ame suddenly slammed his desk, sitting up so quickly his chair fell over. This caught the attention of the countries and organizations who kept quiet the entire time, feeling uncomfortable with the thick

and tense atmosphere, you could cut it with a knife.

“PHIL, COULD YOU FUCKING AT LEAST EXPLAIN YOURSELF?! WHY'D YOU LEAVE US SO SUDDENLY WITH NO EMAIL, TEXT, CALL, ANYTHING?!”

Ame's voice boomed through the room.

“I made a promise to your dad that I'll protect you!” Ame screamed, his voice shaking as his sunglasses were tilted to the side, showing his worried eyes.

“Protect me?! You promised to protect US. Me and my brothers! And you know what happened to that now, hm?”
Phil glared towards Ame which made him shut up, glaring through his glasses but he knew Phil was right. He promised to protect them, but he didn't. He only had Phil now.

“Then that's WHY I should make protecting you my top priority! Please Mahal—”

“Would you SHUT UP!?” Russia's voice interrupted the American.

“**YOU.** STAY OUT OF THIS.” Ame pointed at the Russian which only irritated him more, getting up. Japan and Malaysia tried to stop him and calm him down but it didn't work.

“You ебаный мудак! Don't tell me what to do nor Phil! You keep running your damn mouth like it's YOUR business. It's been 25 years for fuck's sake! Get your grip together and sit down!” *(fucking asshole)* Russia yelled at America while made Ame grit his teeth.

“You don't get to tell me shit either! And it IS my business! I promised to protect him, I—” America was interrupted by Russia climbing over the desk and walking to where Ame was from across the room. Phil and the other countries watched, a few with horror and nervousness, others with interest.

“THAT IS ENOUGH!” Sir. UN yelled, his gigantic white wings outstretched. “Do not fight in the meeting room, especially when Sir. Philippines had just came back! America and Russia, BOTH OF YOU. Meet me to my office, now! This meeting is dismissed.” Sir. UN was visibly angry, his hand slamming the desk as he stood up.

Philippines tsk'd, getting up and grabbing some papers as he also got up, about to leave when someone placed a hand in their shoulder.

Phil turned around to see his friends, the ASEANs. They were a very peculiar group, always getting into mischief and other crazy stuff that could give Sir. ASEAN white hairs. It was mostly him, Malaysia, and Indonesia however.

“Phil, please talk to us. It's been 25 years since we last saw you and we're very worried for you.” It was Malaysia who spoke up.

“Yeah, man! Please, you can tell us anythin'!” Indonesia was next who spoke.

“I know. But right now, I have some other matters to attend to. I'll shoot you guys a text later.” Phil turned around, walking out the door. The group was quiet, looking at each other.

“So, we aren't gonna talk about how Phil changed? I mean, look at him! He looks as stressed as Russia,” Laos spoke up with Vietnam standing beside him, nodding.

“I think we all noticed that, Laos,” Singapore added, glancing to Malaysia and Indonesia.

Indo let out a deep sigh, glancing to the door. “What do you guys think happened to make him so stressed?”

[North Korea POV || Outside CWLA Building]

“Ah man! What a great show that was! Hilariously fun to see right in front of my eyes, right China?” North had a cheeky grin on his face, arms behind his head.

China only rolled his eyes. “Whatever. We just need to tell him to be more careful with whatever he's doing, people are gonna start catching on.”

North hummed, returning back to his straight and upright posture as they arrived to their car. “We'll call him later, right now, it's working. Those 바보들 bought it.” *(idiots)*

“Yes, but they're suspicious of him. It won't take long before they start asking questions.” China opened the car door, entering the driver's side while North entered the passenger's side.

“Now it's time for Phase 2.” China added with a smirk as he started the car and drove away.

[Chapter 2 ; A Toast to an Investigation]

A/N ; Sorry for the lack of updates, kinda lost motivation for a bit there but hello, I'm back!
Been busy with getting situated to my new school and stuffs

Also, I don't actually know what ship to go for this book, I originally was thinking RusPhil but feel free to give ideas

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Warning, this chapter contains ;

(Drinking) Alcohol
Cussing

[North Korea POV ; China's Mansion]

The car ride back to China's place was quiet. As always.

Everything we planned was according to plan, now we just need to wait for the next phase.

Yes, the three of us have some... Plans coming, once the other countries find out, it'll be chaos, so it's best to lay low for the time being. Join the meetings when needed and we should be good.

We made it back to China's place and walked inside, a few maids and butlers here and there to greet the two of us. I give my usual cold stare as China greeted them back with a small bow.

Both of us head into China's living room which is absolutely huge. It was decorated in brown, white, yellow, and red colours. The room looked more of a modernized version of the usual Chinese home and had a nice warm atmosphere from the dim orange lights that lit up the entire house.

We both sat down opposite from each other on single couch chairs, a decently sized coffee table between us.

“Would you like a drink, masters?” A maid asked, wearing the traditional Hanfu clothing wears.

“Baijiu, 谢谢.” *(thank you)* China spoke as the maid wandered away to what I'm guessing is the kitchen.

“So, shall we tell him to keep it low as well?” I butted in once the maid left the room, leaving only us two.

“Patience, North. You know how he is? He'll get pissed if we move too quickly with this.” China sighed, rubbing his left eye and then the bridge of his nose. I furrowed my eyes a little, showing slight annoyance but I lean back on the couch, giving a hum as a response.

“Sure, sure. Whatever 녀석.” *(dude)* I place a hand under my chin, crossing my legs. “And when do you expect that plan will actually be in motion?” I raise an eyebrow at the red country.

“Give it a month or two.” China simply guessed. I let out a small huff, glancing away to look at all the decorations this guy had. All white, gold, red, obviously.

We both perk up once we heard the door slide open and inside came the maid from before. “Here you go, masters.” The maid placed down the wooden tray on the coffee table. On it was a bottle of whatever that China requested and 2 shot glasses. The maid poured some of the clear liquid inside and eventually left as ordered by China, closing the door.

“A toast, for the current success of our plan.” China leaned forward to pick up a glass, raising it. I lean forward as well. “건배.” *(Cheers)* I grabbed the other glass, raising it as he chugged down the shot. I feel the fiery taste of the liquid, like the fire fury of the disappointment of my brother. Who cares.

I'm a hard drinker myself so it's not that easy to get drunk so quickly, same for China.

A phone rang.

I notice it was mine as I had a *very* distinct ring tone. Which was just my own voice repeating ‘Someome is fucking calling you.’ in repeat. Too lazy to change it.

China looked at me weird which I raise an eyebrow at him in response. “What? It works, it works.” I say, grabbing my phone from my back pocket. “You're weird.” China leaned back on his chair, grabbing another shot.

“Says the one with 'Baby by Justin Bieber' as his ringtone.” I scoff at China as I click accept.

“Heyy Ferdi~” I greet with a cheeky grin. I can see the disgusted look without even seeing his face.

“Don't fucking call me that again, Puta.” *(bitch)* I chuckle at their voice through the phone. “Anyway, I'm done with whatever I have to deal with for today. Gonna be fuckin' annoying by the time tomorrow arrives.” The voice from the other line grumbled and complained.

“Awe, don't be like that. Dragon here keeps telling me to be patient with *your* plan, is it not?” I shuffle to grab another shot, chugging it.

“Yeah yeah, it's my plan, whatever. Just annoyed at these countries up in my business all the time. How does Phil even deal with these guys?”

“Dunno. Anyway, Ferdi. You should come visit China's place, we're having drinks and it's lonely without you.” I speak the last paragraph in a teasing sad tone.

“Fuck off, I'm tired. I'm going to bed.” Ferdinand from the other line cussed as he hung up.

“That was disturbing to listen to, would rather pass out drunk than hear that in my house.” China said with a look like he wanted to kill himself, holding the empty shot glass. I snicker with a toothy

grin.

“Oh please, just deal with it.” I shrug, placing down my shot glass, getting up with a stretch as I stuff my hands into my side pockets.

“I'll be heading off now, 나중에 봐요.” *(See you later)* I said to the red country and walk out the mansion, some maids and butlers along the way saying goodbye as well, all that stuff.

[Philippines POV || Phil's Mansion]

I hung up on that... Hermit. Hermit Kingdom whatever it's called. These nicknames confuse me. How did I end up with Ferdinand?

I let out a sigh as I was back at the mansion. It wasn't big nor small, just a 2 story home with an attic. Never liked big homes anyway, too lazy to clean all that. We don't have maids or butlers either. I'd rather be alone.

I head upstairs and made my way to my room, walking through the hallways. I stop at a painting however. It was a large painting, at least 6 foot tall. It hung up at the wall, a dim light over the painting to help it pop more and have focus on it.

It was an old family painting with everyone in the Maharlika family. I like to stare at it and just think... What could I ever have done to prevent this?

I let out a sigh, walking away as I enter my room just near the end of the hallway. I open the door and glance inside. I flip the light switch and closed the door behind me to start changing off this hot suit. God, why is wearing a suit even required? Even my militar uniform is cooler than this.

I change into simple black shorts and a white sando *(a sleeveless undershirt)* that was under my polo shirt.

My scars that was covered with dark black tattoos littered around my body from my chest up to my neck and arms that stopped at my elbow. It was there to cover up my old scars from wars. It helped forget those memories.

I head back downstairs and to the kitchen to grab a cold glass of water from the water dispenser beside the fridge. I chug it down, letting out a cold huff afterwards. Refreshing.

I place the cup down beside the sink. 'I'll clean it later,' I remind myself and went to the living room to lay comfortably on the couch, an arm over my eyes. 'mhph... I could be playing ML right now. Can at least let out my anger in that God forsaken game.'

I lazily reach to the desk beside the couch where my phone was charging. As I unplugged my phone, a call rang. I raise an eyebrow as I saw who was the caller... The fuck does he want now?

"What do you want, America?" I hiss through the phone.

"Phil, please. Can we talk?" I already cringed hearing that Americano's voice through the phone. "What do you even want to talk about? I'm not interested," I make it clear through my voice that I was annoyed and didn't want to talk to him.

“Phil, just for a bit, please. Can we meet in person? This won't take too long, please.” I get more and more annoyed as I hear his desperate voice.

I rub the bridge of my nose in-between my eyes, furrowing my eyebrows. “Fine. When?” I finally give in. Just get it over with quickly and leave.

I can feel the American perk up and probably even dance in victory. “Hell yeah, meet me at the cafe nearby the World Leader's building. Please be there by 4pm, thank you so much ma-... Philip.” America excitedly rambled. I hung up right after as I groan loudly, limping on the couch. I raise my phone up again, looking at the time. 2:32pm... Argh, fuck me.

I lazily get up and make my way back to my room with a slouch. I open the closet to look for something at least comfortable and cold to wear. It's still blazing hot outside and I don't wanna get cooked.

I grab a white collared t-shirt that had red and blue stripes across the chest and a sun symbol in the middle, plus khaki shorts that go above my knees and simple hiking sandals.

I comb my hair back and head out with my phone in pocket to start heading to the cafe. I hop on a public bus and sat on a chair, waiting for me to arrive to my destination as I distracted myself on my phone.

[Third Person POV || Café]

Philip arrived to the café, opening the door as a small chime played. He let out a small sigh and looked around to find the American. He noticed the familiar red striped flag sitting near the back, making his way to Ame.

America is sitting tensely in his chair, his right leg bouncing up and down nervously. His eyes were darting around, trying to find the figure of Philip. He had sunglasses on which helped to not make it obvious that he was waiting for somebody.

He eventually caught glimpse of Sunshine and perked up excitedly, a smile forming on his face.

“You actually came! Come, come, sit down.” America motioned the other chair in front of him. Phil sat down. Ame placed his elbows on the table, locking his hands together. He looked excited and happy.

“So... What do you want?” Phil started, leaning back on the chair.

Ame perked up slightly, a bit jittery. “Well... I just wanted to talk to you. Catch up with what's been happening these past 25 years, y'know?” Ame scratched the side of his neck, a nervous smile on his face.

Phil sighed, nodding slightly. “Aight', fine. I haven't really changed much, to be honest.” Philip shrugged.

Ame gave a look that speaks 'I don't believe you.' “Are you sure, Phil...? You've changed a lot from my perspective. You always seemed to not care about anything, always smiling and giggling. You were so happy back then...”

Phil paused, his eyes furrowing slightly, his eyes dilating.

“What happened, Phil?”

Philippines scoffed, looking out the window. It was a nice day, just the right temperature, no clouds, a beautiful sunny day. The streets are bustling with people walking through and out.

“Nothing happened, America. I was busy with the lockdown and matured through it for my people. What about you? Still a super power?” Phil looked back to Ame, crossing his arms.

Ame slouched, frowning a little. “Yes. But seriously Phil, what happened? What was the lockdown for? The call—”

Philip quickly cut off Ame by slamming his hand on the table. “I already said I don't wanna talk about that in the meeting.”

Ame sunk back on his chair, sighing sadly. “Fine. I just, I just really want to catch up with you, Phil... The last we talked was when we....

Broke up.”

Phil's expression darkened. “...You know the reason for that and you very well damn know what happened.”

“Phil, please! Just give me a chance again! It's been years, I've changed, hell, matured!” Ame sounded a little too desperate.

Phil got up, his back face Ame. “I'm sorry, Ame, but it's already over and I'm not interested in getting back with you.” And with that, Phil walked away, leaving a dumbfounded America.

America looked down at the table, clutching his hands into fists. He knows what happened really well. He betrayed Philip back then, especially when he found out that he killed KKK.

It broke his heart when their relationship started to break apart, Ame tried to tell Philip what KKK said to him but Phil just... Wouldn't listen...

Ame deeply inhaled and exhaled, adjusting his sunglasses and got up with a frown, walking out the cafe.

“I know there's something else happening in the background, Phil... I will find whatever it is. It changed you...

I will find who changed my Mahal and I am not afraid to repeat history....

Just for you.”

[Chapter 3 ; Conflicted | Part 1]

A/N ; Hey guys! Sorry for dying for a while there, it's been a busy summer. Gonna try to update more! At least once a week?? No promises though.

I have an idea already where this story is gonna go, just figuring out how to properly execute it- anyway, enjoy this chapter!

Chapter 4 will be out by the end of the month most likely!

———

Warning, This Chapter contains ;

AmePhil
A character getting touchy but nothing really happens
Cussing

[Third Person POV || 26 years earlier, before Phil went missing]

It was a regular sunny day in the States. USA, or better known as America was waiting for a certain someone in a small little café. There wasn't many people around but he sat near the back of the room so he couldn't be seen.

Ame was wearing his signature sunglasses, a black t-shirt with the words 'NATO' printed on the front, a leather jacket, fingerless gloves, jeans, and black boots. He was starting mindlessly at his phone, looking at the weather app and his messages to make it seem like he was busy.

The bell jingled as the café doors opened, making Ame perk up, his sunglasses shining softly against the sunlight that passed through the windows.

And there he saw him,

Philippines.

“Sunny! Over here!” Amen waved his hand with enthusiasm, an excited smile plastered on his face as he saw Philip.

Philip noticed Ame quickly after and fast walked over, sitting down. “Hey, Joe!” Philip grinned.

“Hey~! Hope it wasn't such a hassle to having to meet me here.” Ame chuckled with a nervous tone, scratching the back of his neck.

Philip smiled at Ame's nervousness, snickering softly. “No, it's alright! I'm actually pretty excited, it's been a while since we had an actual date, no?”

Ame eased up at Philip's words, nodding as he readjusted his sunglasses, staring at Phil with genuine awe.

Phil wore a simple outfit; He had his signature red bandana, a half-blue half-red jacket, white shirt, black pants, and black converse shoes. Ame kept his eyes on Phil's, even if Phil couldn't see through the American's sunglasses, you could feel his eyes shining and glimmering.

“Yeah, Yeah... It's been a while. Do you wanna order something? I heard this place is pretty good so I thought we could eat here for lunch.” Ame rubbed the back of his head, a slight tint on his cheeks.

Philip noticed Ame's bright cheeks and chuckled. “I'm pretty hungry so, sure! I haven't eaten breakfast just so I could eat a lot with you.”

Ame pouted at that, leaning over the table, his face getting closer to Philip's. “Why'd you do that? Breakfast is the most important meal of the day!” Ame pinched Philip's cheeks.

“Hey! Ow ow! I just didn't want to be full when I came here!” Phil gently smacked away Ame's hand, rubbing the area that Ame pinched.

Ame chuckled at Phil's pouty look. Adorable...

“I can't get mad at you for a long time, sunshine. I'll accept your reasons but you better eat a lot today!” Ame leaned back, sitting back down in his seat.

Phil rolled his eyes jokingly with a smile. “Alright, alright. Wanna go order now?”

Ame nodded, getting up from his seat to peek at the menu behind the counter, taking a picture of the menu with his phone and went back to their seats, handing his phone to Phil. “Here, pick what you'd like first.”

Philippines held his phone, zooming in the menu. “Hm... I'll just take a chocolate fudge cake slice with a caramel macchiato frappe.” Philip handed back America's phone.

Ame took back his phone and got up, making an 'okay' sign with his hands. “I'll just get the sour cream fries with a chocolate frappe.”

Ame walked to the counter to order their food.

Ame sighed as he waited in the line, thinking about how to tell Phil... He knows Phil might not agree but, it's worth a shot, is it not?

Ame came back to their table, sitting down. “Our food should be ready in half an hour or something.” America shrugged.

Philip nodded, glancing out the window, the back of his hand resting under his chin, his elbow on the table as he rested his hand.

Ame stared at Philip, inspecting his beautiful eyes... Perfectly shining against the sunlight... My beautiful sunshine...

Ame shook his head, clearing his throat. “Hey... Sunshine...?”

Philip looked over to America with his signature smile. “Yeah, Joe?” Philip blinked.

Ame paused, thinking as he let out a low sigh. “Philip... I have something to ask you.”

Philip tensed up a little bit, he quickly got nervous on what America was about to say as thoughts ran through his mind. Oh shit.

Ame sighed, his leg tapping under the table. “Okay, I know we're supposed to discuss this somewhere more private but— Could you be my ally?”

Philip eased slightly but his expression changed to confused look. “Ally? But we're already allies?”

“No no, I mean it in... A military way.” Ame scratched his hand, averting his eyes. “I have conflict with somebody and I was planning to wage—”

“No.”

Ame perked up, straightening his back as he turned to Philip.

“Huh?”

“I said no.” Philip crossed his arms, his face showing obvious signs he wasn't going to join in this conflict.

“B-But Philip! I'm going to need your help with this—”

Philip interrupted Ame, shaking his head. “No means No, Joe. Why are you even considering war? Can't you just talk this conflict out? You know I don't like war! You can't just always resort to violence when it's just something like a minor conflict.”

Ame paused, his sunglasses shining against the sunlight as he sighed, leaning back on his chair, the back of his hand under his chin.

“And here I thought you we promised we'd help each other out no matter what.” Ame glared through his sunglasses.

Philip was taken back by that, furrowing his eyes. “You know I would help you, Joe. I just believe there's got to be something else that could help with your conflict instead of war.”

America let out a tired sigh, crossing his arms. He was about to speak again but a waiter came by with their food. “Your orders, Sirs. Enjoy your meal!”

The waiter left a little while later. The two countries waited for a moment before they started to eat their food.

“We're talking about this later, Phil.” Ame scoffed.

Phil averted his eyes. “There's nothing to talk about.”

[Time Skip || America's office]

The two countries retreated back to Ame's office building after their small date at the café. They hadn't spoken to each other the entire way.

They eventually reach inside the office as America sat behind the desk with Phil on the other side. Ame kept his sunglasses on, eyes on Phil. Phil was glancing down, clearly upset.

“Let's get started... Sunny, please. Just hear me out.” Ame sighed, his face easing up, changing to a more desperate look.

Phil glanced at Ame, his stare a bit harsh. “Joe, You know I can't. I know my military is strong but we can't just use our armoury for this war. Heck! It might even start another world war if more countries join!”

Phil expressed his thoughts about this, getting more upset that Ame was trying to pull Phil into this 'conflict'.

Ame tapped his fingers on the desk in a menacing rhythm before standing up and walked slowly behind Phil, placing his hands down on Phil's shoulders as he leaned in close to Phil's left ear.

“Come on, Sunshine... I know you're just scared. Do it for me, please?... Why won't you help me?” Ame spoke with a low voice, his gray eyes glancing to the side of Phil's face.

Philippines stayed where he was, feeling uneasy and uncomfortable as he could feel a bead of sweat drip the side of his face.

“I... I can help you, Ame... But...” Phil paused, interrupted by Ame tightening their grip on Phil's shoulders, causing a shiver go down Phil's spine.

“You just don't want to admit you're weak, don't you?” America spoke with a harsh tone, a slight grin on his face which Phil couldn't see.

Ame leaned in closer to Phil's non-existent ear. “We both promised we'd help each other out... You're being **selfish** right now... Aren't you? You don't wanna break our promise now, hm?”

Phil was frozen in place, slowly glancing down, saying nothing.

“Come on, Sunshine. I'll protect you no matter what. You can trust me on that.” Ame chuckled, his hand caressing Phil's cheek from behind before slowly moving it down to his chest.

Phil quickly moved away Ame's hand, sweating. “Alright, alright! I'll help!” Phil let out a heavy and quick shaky sigh.

Ame smiled, leaning back away from Phil and sat back down on his chair in front of Phil. “Glad to know you still love me.”

Philip stared at Ame with an uncomfortable look, nodding. “I'll... Talk about it with my brother. I'll try to convince him.”

Philip stood up, walking out the room. Before Philip closed the door behind him, he heard Ame say. “Mahal kita.” *(I love you.)*

Phil paused at the door, muttering it back as he closed the door and left the building.

[Back at Philippines' Manor]

“Mar, I'm home.” Philip called out as he entered the house through the front door, closing it. He made sure to take off his shoes and placed it in the shoe rack beside the door.

“And what took you so long?” Martial spoke with his usual strict tone. Martial took the liberty of being the 'father figure' of the house. Even if the two were twins, Martial was still only just a few minutes older.

Philip took off his jacket, tossing it on the couch as he sat down. “Sorry po, Kuya. We got a bit held back with something.” *(Brother)* Philip glanced to Martial who walked over to Phil.

Martial was only wearing a military green sando *(sleeveless undershirt)* and black shorts. His hair was messy but still neat enough to look presentable.

“Ano? Na-Held back?” *(What?)* Martial raided a non-existent eyebrow, his thick Filipino accent audible.

Martial crossed his arms, stepping in front of Phil. “What happened this time with that Americano? Hinahawakan ka ba niya? Ano pa?” *(Did he touch you? What else?)*

Phil leaned back on the couch, pausing a bit to think of a way to tell his brother without making Martial too mad.

“Well... Uh...” Philip scratched his nape. “About Ame... He asked me... If we could help him with a war—”

“Fuck no!” Martial shook his head. “We aren't wasting our resources on that asshole! You should know better, Phil. He's just going to use us again.” He loudly scoffed, raising his voice.

“Kuya, Just hear me out for just this moment!” Phil stood up from

the couch, facing Martial. “Please! Just this once, we'll help him, nothing more!”

“No means No, Phil! Isn't that what I taught you? Oh my God, what did this fucker tell you? I **know** you don't want war either, Phil! What is it that he told you that you actually agreed on this?!” Martial scratched his hair out of frustration.

Phil groaned, looking away with his eyes furrowed. “He called me weak and selfish.” He grumbled under his breath.

When Martial heard this, his eyes widened with anger, stomping closer to Phil. “Ano?! Ano bang sinabi niya?! Pakshet itong bobo— How about we just wage war on him instead, hah?!” *(What?! What did he say?! This fucking idiot—)*

“Kuya! Calm down! I'm sure he didn't mean it like that!” Phil immediately went to Ame's defense. Martial was booming with anger, his face getting redder that it already is.

“Oh shut up, Phil. We are NOT helping him! You can't make me change my mind!” Martial yelled at Phil. Phil froze a little, soon his face changing to an angered one as well, glaring at his older brother.

Phil stared quietly at his brother, not speaking a word. He started to walk off, before he did, he turned his head around to look at Martial.

“I hate you,”

Phil harshly spat out, storming off to his room and slammed the door shut.

_____

A/N ; Woh, This was gonna be a lengthy chapter but decided to end it there for now! It's gonna be a two parter between Chapter 3 and 4 to explain a little more of the backstory before heading off to the main story again!

Glad to see you guys are enjoying my first book so far :DD

[Chapter 4 ; Conflicted | Part 2]

[image]

A/N ; Writing this while at the beach, heheh
I also got sick around the middle of writing this so if this gets out later than expected, that's the reason

Warning, this chapter includes ;

Character Death
‼️Explicit Descriptions of gore‼️
Cussing (as usual)

[Martial's POV]

I scoff as I watched Philip slam the door shut. ‘What am I gonna do with him?’ Martial was pissed. Philip had the AUDACITY to ask for such a thing? He never even expected that Philip would even agree! ...

‘I have a feeling that *Americano* had something to do with this... Bweshet man ni, oi...’ *(this is bullshit, ugh)*

I shook my head. I'm too pissed to make dinner right now. I doubt Philip will even come out til morning.

I roll my eyes, clearly annoyed as he started heading to my own room just across from Philip's. I take off my sando, abs and scars showing, just leaving my shorts on.

‘Looking at my scars reminds me of... Ah, puta, it's nothing.’

‘At least some are covered by the tattoos...’

(Art by me)

I let out an annoyed grumble, flopping on my bed, my bed squeaking at my weight. Shuffling around to find the perfect comfortable position as I close my eyes.

‘Sobrang init ng kwarto ko, my God’ *(My room is so hot, my God)*

I start thinking about Philip again... He'll be fine by tomorrow, I'll talk to him.

I let out a huff, shuffling to my side, blanket messily drooping the side of the bed as I fall into sweet unconsciousness.

[Third Person POV | Time Skip, 4:30am]

Martial walked downstairs, still shirtless as he yawned, mouth wide as he clicked his tongue, making his merry way to the kitchen, pouring water into a kettle and turned it on. He waited for the

water to boil.

He started looking around for Philip, glancing at the open door still of the kitchen. No sign yet. To be fair, he's still mad at Philip but wanted to talk to him just to get it over with.

His train of thought breaks as he heard the water start to bubble so he takes it off and pours in the hot water into a mug, grabbing a stick of black coffee and poured the powder in the hot water. He stirred it for a few seconds with a spoon and took a sip of his dark coffee.

‘Would be better with pandesal,’ Martial thought to himself but walks out the kitchen to the living room, seeing Philip sitting on the couch and watching the news in his casual clothing.

Martial stares at Philip for a good 4 seconds before speaking up. “Phil.”

Philip merely glanced over to Martial, not moving his head before placing his attention on the TV again. His expression still sour.

Martial inhaled, exhaled. He shook his head and walked away to his room to place down his coffee mug on the table and grabbed a towel hanging behind his door and went into the shower.

Martial walks out of his room with the empty mug in hand, placing the cup in the sink. He was wearing his military uniform, his hair neat, clothes still warm from being ironed straight. “I'm heading off to work, you better not cause any trouble today.”

Martial exhaled, walking out the door, closing it with a small slam. Martial had his usual frown again, walking to his car with a resting, tired look.

He started the matte black 4-wheeler and drove off to the military base. Another day, another annoying day with the maggots.

[Time Skip, 6:28am | Philippine Military Base]

Martial arrived, greeting by all the soldiers. He gave them a cold

look that they are already used too.

He checked the schedule earlier and there wasn't much to do today; Train these guys, then paperwork. A shit ton of paper work. He'd rather deal with the worst soldier than paperwork but then again, it saves him from the stress and throat pain of yelling at these dumbasses.

[12:30am]

The day went by smoothly, as expected. His clothes were a bit muddied, his callused hands dirty but he used a small handkerchief to wipe off the dust.

“Lunch Break!” He yelled to the line of soldiers as they all went their way to the building. Martial shook his head, exhaling heavily as he turned to his assistant. Andre.

Andre was a man Martial trusted for years now, never lets him down. He kept his cold frown, patting Andre's shoulder to catch his attention.

“Take over for the rest of the day, Dre, I'm heading to my office.” Martial patted Andre's back a few times.

Andre nodded, giving Martial a salute, his back straight. “Yes, sir!”

Martial eventually left to his office, not caring about his dirty boots and his pants. His office was just a few hallways away from the rest of the soldiers. He looked over them, watching them closely as he passed by the cafeteria.

He noticed one of the soldiers looking off. Who's this guy? He shook his head, walking away. It's probably no one, just another soldier he didn't bother to remember.

He entered his office, closing the door behind him. The room was a bit dull but he didn't care. It had unpainted rough gray walls just like the other walls in the building except for a few rooms that was painted. There was just two windows on either side of the back wall. He sat down in the office chair, looking over his desk.

On the left side was a stack of papers neatly placed, a cup with pens and pencils, an ink pad with a stamp to match. On the right was a family photo; KKK, Perla, Del Pilar, him, and Philip. They were still younger back then.

KKK and Perla were holding hands, Del Pilar's fist on top of Martial's head while holding him with his arm around Martial's neck, Del's face smiling brightly with a mischievous look that annoyed his little brother, Martial looking displeased like he was about to fight his older bro. Philip with right in the middle just standing while smiling at the camera with the biggest brightest smile he hasn't seen on Philip in a while.

Martial inhaled, exhaled.

'Let's just get this over with.' He mumbled as he started to read over the paperwork to get what needs to be done. It was mostly about military stuffs. A few with politics too but it's usually Phil who deals with the trades and media outlooks. Philip was the face of the country while Martial dealt with the rougher areas behind the scenes.

[4:44pm]

After what felt like 4 hours just passed, Martial heard a knock on the door, promptly making him look up. He sighed, rubbing the side temples of his non-existent nose. "Come in."

The door cracked open and came inside Andre. Martial's face softened a little but still remained cold. "Ah, Andre. May kailangan ka ba?" *(Do you need something?)*

Andre stood at the door for a while before their gaze suddenly turned cold and menacing. This made Martial tense up once again.

Click.

Andre took out a gun, clicking off the safety switch as he pointed in to Martial's head. “북쪽 says Hello.”

The sound of the gunshot rung through the halls. This alerted multiple soldiers, running through the halls with their guns. When they made it to Martial's office, they were met with the sharp smell of iron.

The solders were horrified when they opened the door. They saw their leader's body laying motionlessly on the desk, his skin was pale. Blood spewing and dribbling out through the hole in-between Martial's eyes. You could see the back of his head also dripping with red crimson blood where the bullet passed through seamlessly.

The skin around the open wounds were blackened and red from the heat of the bullet, hell, his red-shot eyes were still open from what they guessed was shock before he got shot.

The soldiers felt their stomachs drop looking at the scene, some running off the puke, one biting their lip so hard it drew blood, the taste of iron filling their mouth.

The soldiers noticed one of the windows broken out, the shards of glass on the outside meaning they broke out from the office and ran.

They were quick to move, the highest ranker they had under Martial and Andre immediately went to take over and give orders, telling everyone to sweep the perimeter in case the killer was still there, red lights and sirens blasting through the entire facilities.

[Philippines' POV | 4:50pm, Philippines Manor]

I was sitting alone at the dining table, staring at the ingredients in front of me. My mind was still running about Martial, debating with myself whether what to do. What do I tell Ame?

I exhaled deeply, laying my head down for a moment to stop and think more. ‘I should apologize to Martial... But I think he's still mad at me...’

With a heavy feeling in my chest, I picked up my phone and opened Messenger. I clicked on Martial's profile.

“Saint Martin Wanna-Be” Last online 4 hours ago

Saint Martin Wanna-Be

< The tie you wore at the media interview looks gay

Pfft, ano? Just because it has patterns and is > multicolored doesn't mean it's gay

---

4:52pm

Hey, Martial. I just wanna say I'm sorry for > yesterday. I was a total jerk. When are you coming home today? I'll make your favourite adobo to make up for it. Once again, sorry and I love you big bro. <3

I sent the message to Martial, hoping he'd at least take a look at his message. I place my phone down again as I take a good look over the ingredients again. I smile to myself, getting up from my chair and started to get everything cut and prepared. I even set the rice cooker before so once it's nice and hot, the chicken adobo would've been done by now.

[5:28pm]

I look over the dinner table, smiling proudly to myself. The

sound of a car stopping near the front door caught my attention. Is that Martial? My expression brightens quickly as I run to open the door.

“Kuya! I made....” I trail off. I see two soldiers on the front door, one holding a neatly folded up handkerchief with the Philippine flag beautifulfully embroided to it.

“Sorry, po...” One of the solders speak up, handing Philip the handkerchief. I could feel my stomach drop as my eyes widen, realizing what happened. I could feel my entire body stiffen as I clenched the cloth close to me, slowly opening it up.

There I see my brother's bright golden badge. I could see how much they took care of it, polished, and cleaned. Tears swell up in my eyes.

No.
No.
No.
No.
No.
No.

no....

My voice start to shake, sounding like I'm going to crack into multiple pieces at this very moment. “I-Is he...?”

To my dismay and fear, they slowly nod. I freeze, I could feel my hards start to sweat and get cold. I grip the door knob, nodding back slowly as I close the door.

I wait til I hear them enter back into the military jeep and drive off before I started balling, fat tears streaming down my face. I could almost scream.

I just feel so... Awfully guilty. About everything. The last fucking thing I said to him was ‘I hate you’ before he fuckin' died! What

kind of person does that...

The weight of everything starts to make everything around me shake and crumble down, the realization that I'm officially alone hit me so hard in the chest, I could feel it want to rip open and just cry on the floor.

My cheeks were burning red as I let out painful hiccuped breaths.

I press my back against the door, my hands pressing the handkerchief tightly to my face as I drop down to the floor, weeping loudly to myself. Everything hurts. My chest hurts. My eyes hurt. I can barely get myself to stand up.

I'm alone.

I'm all alone...

Martial....

I'm so sorry.

Everything hurts.

A/N ; And that's the end for Conflict! The rest of the chapters will now be back to present time

I was honestly planning to add more in-depth story with Philip but I didn't want to drag it out too long. I'll reveal whatever needs to be revealed in later chapters but basically he fell into depression.

Also, do y'all wanna see more random arts from time to time? Like the Martial drawing ehe-

[Hiatus Update]

You may be wondering where I went— Well, I just started art school and it's been very busy so I didn't find the time to write and continue this story.

Do not worry! I will finish this story, I just can't find the time to update and write. I will delete this chapter once I'm out of hiatus and have more free time but right now, I'll just keep this here

Expect some more spicy-ish art though since I've been learning anatomy. (especially muscles)

See you guys soon!!

[Chapter 5 ; Cognizant]

A/N ; Ohh God, okay, hello everybody! I'm kinda back, still busy with school like I've said in the hiatus chapter but here's the newest chapter!!

Also, I just realized we're at 1k reads, oh my God thank you guys so much!! I'll do a 1k+ special chapter soon ;›

Warning, this chapter includes ;

Cussing (as usual)

[Third Person POV | Present Time]

It's been a week since America invited Philip to the café, this time, someone else wants to have a *chat* with the Filipino. A certain white and red country.

Philip was starting to get annoyed by the constant invites and annoyances. Other countries can't mind their own business, can't they?

Philippines let out a long tired sigh as he stared at himself in the mirror. He held his hand up to his face, looking at himself in the eye. He can see the eye bags under his eyes. His eyebrows furrowed and shook his head, patting down his clothes. He had another meeting with one of the big countries, this time, it was Japan.

Japan wanted to meet at a remote area in the park nearby, Phil doesn't know what this meeting is gonna be about for sure but he definitely knew that he is going to be interviewed. Phil looked at the mirror again. He's wearing a mustard yellow turtleneck with a black jacket on top, followed with dark denim ripped jeans and black Doc Martin boots topped with black fingerless gloves.

‘These assholes don't know how to mind their own business, can't they?’

Japan was already waiting at the park. The area he picked was isolated and hidden to make sure no one was eavesdropping. There is a small pond in the middle of the spot that was surrounded by trees, bushes, and all kinds of colourful flowers. Japan was sitting on the bench that stood beside the pond, he seemed to be in deep thought.

His train of thought was interrupted when there was a rustling noise in the bushes. Japan turned his head, already knowing who it was. Japan stood up, greeting Philip with a bow as he straightened his posture afterwards.

“こんにちは, Phil.” *(Hello)* Japan spoke, adjusting his square rectangular glasses.

Phil didn't look too amused, walking up to Japan and stood just a feet away from the taller country. “Get to the point.”

Japan looked down at Phil, nodding slightly. Japan may have a monotone expression but his eyes showed worry. “Why'd you disappear so suddenly? I know something happened and you won't tell us.”

Phil raised an eyebrow. “And why do you think there's any other reason? You heard what I said at the meeting.” The Filipino crossed his arms.

“What you said at the meeting does not explain anything. Truth. Now.” Japan's voice changed to a more stern tone, furrowing his eyebrows.

Philip started to get defensive, rolling his eyes, then averting his gaze. “A big political figure in our country was assassinated and the culprit was from another country. We went on lockdown because of it. We're still looking on who and from where the assassin is from.”

Japan looked like he was thinking, gaze stuck on Philip. “How

could you be so sure it's not someone from your country?”

Philip looked back at Japan. Philip tensed, looking around the area before walking closer to Japan. “We have security footage. The assassin spoke in another language, I couldn't tell which it is since the clip glitched but it was definitely not Filipino nor English. So the English speaking countries are out of the suspects list but that leaves everyone else.”

Japan's expression changed ever so slightly. “If it helps, it wasn't me.” He tried his best to ease up Philip's suspicion. “You know, I could help you and with the others, right? You don't have to deal with it alone. If what you say is true, there might be a chance for a war happening if it doesn't get situated soon.”

Japan rubbed the bridge of his nose, adjusting his glasses with his ring finger. “Who did they kill?”

“My brother.”

Japan leaned back slightly, he was surprised. “Wait... Your brother... As in, Martial Law?”

Phil nodded, letting out a deep sigh, looking at Japan in the eyes. “He was my only family left. Whoever fucking killed him, I will murder them with my own bare hands. They will receive the most slow and painful death I will ever give to someone.” Phil's face darkened.

The way Phil spoke almost kinda scared Japan. This was the first time he's ever heard Phil with this kind of tone. It sent a shiver down his spine.

“And... If it was a countryhuman that killed your brother...?” Japan asked cautiously, terrified if what Phil might reply.

“They'll feel the wrath of the Philippine army.” Philip scoffed, uncrossing his arms and stuffed his hands into the pocket of his hoodie. “Now if you excuse me, I need to go.”

Philip walked passed Japan, not looking back. Japan didn't even move his gaze, staring at the empty spot where Philip was before.

Japan raised his head, straightening his posture as he reached inside his pocket, taking out his phone. It had a white phone case with some graphics on it and a small cat paw charm.

He typed in a phone number and clicked call, bring his phone up to his ear, waiting for the other line to answer. “Indonesia? It's Japan. We may have a situation here.” Japan paused. “It's about Philip. Can you set up a private meeting with the others...? Don't tell any of the organizations or other countries about this. Keep it all confidential.”

Japan paused again. “You, Malaysia, and Russia. Keep it small and a secret.”

He hung up the call as he placed his phone back into his pocket, looking over to where Phil left, not seeing their figure in sight. He turned around and left the opposite direction, leaving the park without a trace left behind.

[Time Skip | Japan's Private Mansion]

Indonesia was waiting outside of the mansion, his foot tapping on the wooden plank floor impatiently. He has a sour expression on his face.

He saw the familiar figure, running up the driveway with beads of sweat dropping down their face. Indo pushed himself up, raising an eyebrow. “Malay! You're late! Russia and Japan is already inside, jeez, come on!”

Without giving Malay time to speak, Indo grabbed Malay's wrist and dragged him inside, throwing him rather aggressively inside the meeting room. In the middle was a long table with mats for each country leader. Japan was serving some sake which Russia gladly

took.

“Ow! Persetankan awak!” *(Fuck you!)* Malay yelled at Indo, sitting up while rubbing the side of his arm. The commotion caught the attention of Japan and Russia.

“Can both of you just sit so we can start the meeting?” Russia added while taking a sip of his drink.

Indo huffed, putting the back of both of his hands on his hips, looking down at Malay. “Kneel, bitch.” Indo said, half-sarcastic. Malaysia's face soured, the wrinkles on his face obvious. “Bro.” Malay scoffed before sitting crisscrossed on the mat, followed by Indo then Japan.

“Now that we're all settled.” Japan was cut off by Russia. “What did you find out about Philip?” He said while placing down the empty glass.

Japan sighed impatiently but tried to not make it obvious, adjusting his glasses. “Well, I found out why he went on lockdown.” Japan started.

“There was an incident, a bad one in fact. Someone hired an assassin to kill off Martial Law, who is Philip's last remaining family member. The way Phil's expression changed was...” Japan paused, feeling a slight shiver go down his entire body. “Scary.”

The entire room went quiet at the news, the 3 other countries looking at each other. Malaysia cleared his throat, catching the others' attention. “Do we know who it is?”

Japan shook his head. “That's what Phil is trying to do right now. We need to find that person soon because Phil said he *will* start a war. Knowing Phil's relations with other countries and his own forces, he is strong. We don't want another world war.”

Russia leaned back, he seemed to be thinking. His half lidded eyes staring down at Japan. “Who are the suspects? If there's any.”

Japan turned his head to Russia. “Phil saw in camera footage that

the assassin spoke another language he didn't recognize. The clip glitched before he could recognize it. So that crosses out countries who speak mainly english."

Russia hummed. Indo and Malay were looking at each other, Indo placed a hand on the table. "Do you have access to the footage?" Indo questioned.

Japan shook his head. "ごめん, but no. Phil didn't give me access to the footage and I doubt he will let anyone access it." *(sorry)*

"I can talk to him."

Malaysia raised an eyebrow. "Russia? Are you sure?" He didn't seem to think Russia can actually get Philip to agree. Let alone Malay and Indo themselves. They're much closer to Phil than Russia and Japan.

"Yes, I'm sure." Russia seemed confident he can get Philip to talk and let him see the footage. He has a few tricks up his sleeve, well, ushanka.

A/N ; Ack, sorry for the shorter chapter guys, art school is really testing us and materials are so expensive 💀👌 been doing some side jobs just to get funds

Anyway, thank you for everyone that still stayed, I really appreciate y'all! Once again, sorry for the shorter chapter and I'll do longer next chapter!!

[Chapter 6 ; Migraines]

A/N ; Oh god, I almost forgot about this book, ahaha— I only got reminded when I got an email that some people commented, decided to pick this up again also because I've been busy with art school :'D

Also, 2k+ reads?! What?! Thank you guys so much for the support even though I take so long to update!! Let's continue shall we?

Warning, this chapter includes ;

Cussing
Russia and America fight again, wow how surprising
.
.

[Third Person POV | Outside Philippine Mansion]

It's been a week since Russia, Malaysia, Indonesia, and Japan had their confidential meeting. The 4 countries created a group chat for the whole investigation they're making about Philip. There wasn't really much they found so it's currently empty, with the occasional cat pictures sent by Indonesia. The current topic of the day was Japan giving Russia some tips and what questions to ask Phil since the tall country was going to visit Philip to finally get what they wanted.

The security footage.

Russia stepped foot onto Phil's porch, his expression remaining

the same. He knocked on the wooden door in a small rhythm, waiting for someone to answer the door. The tall country could hear shuffling from behind the door and opened was Philippines himself.

Phil's red and blue hair was still messy and all over the place, he had a sour expression on his face as he looked up at the cold country. Russia towered over Phil.

“The fuck you want?” Philip's eye twitched in annoyance that he was just woken up from a nice afternoon nap. Great, just great.

Russia returned with a blank stare, letting out a cold sigh as he leaned forward, hand on the door. “I want to talk, Phil.”

Philip leaned back with a suspicious look, raising an eyebrow, crossing his arms as he puffed his chest. “Elaborate.” He motioned. Russia slumped his shoulders, his gaze locked in on Phil. “I know what happened with your brother and I would like to help. I just need your coordination.” Russia spoke with the usual monotone voice.

A small silence washed over the two countries, Russia towering over the sunshine country. Philip was visibly annoyed at the unannounced and unnecessary visit from this... Russian, whatever Philip calls him. Phil rolled his eyes and moved aside. “Fine. Get in.”

Russia soon had a small smile on his face and entered inside as Phil closed the door behind him, walking over to first room you were met with when you walk inside the mansion, which was the living room. It was clean, surprisingly clean for Phil's standards... Russia ignored it but took a small mental note of it. Russia placed himself on the couch, sitting up straight as Phil sat just right across him on a different couch. Phil clasped his hands together, leaning forward as he rested his elbows on his thighs.

“...So, what do you know?” Phil started, his eyes had a dark undertone to it. It was visible that Phil did not trust or like Russia at the moment. Russia squinted his eyes as the two kept steady eye

contact. The tension in the air was thick.

“I know your brother was assassinated and shot in the head. I can help you, you know? I know a lot of countries in my time. Please, sun... Just give me the footage and I will help you.” Russia held his hand out, his body language keeping a wide stance to seem more open and friendly.

Phil scoffed in response, leaning back as he crossed his arms, putting one leg over the other. “Don't call me ***Sun.***” Philippines hissed at the cold country. “...I'll consider your... Offer. But I just wanna let you know that NONE of this is going out to publi—” Philip suddenly flinched, leaning forward as he held his head, groaning in pain.

Russia took notice of this and stood up, quickly running over to Phil as he placed his hand on his back. “What's wrong?!” Russia actually sounded worried for once, helping support Phil up to stand up as Phil was starting to sweat, clutching his head like he was having a massive migraine.

“Fucking get off me!” Phil pushed Russia off of him harshly, making Russia step back as Phil held onto the arm rests of the couch for support, letting out a pained grunt, tightly closing his eyes. ”Puta.” *(Fuck.)* He cussed under his breath as he opened his eyes halfway, seeing dark spots in his vision as it slowly blurred and faded to black.

Thump.

[Russia's POV | Emergency Room]

Russia was in the waiting, tapping his foot nervously on the hard white tiled ground, arms crossed. Just what the fuck happened just now? Phil was doing fine, we were talking normally... Then he suddenly passed out with migraine?... No, no... This is not normal.

I grunt with a harsh exhale, closing my eyes as I get lost in my own thoughts, making theories to what might be happening to Phil. It's a whole mystery and no one knows what happened. Could something

be stopping him from talking about it? Is that why he's been so secretive? Is he in trouble? Is he being threatened? So many questions run through my mind to what might be happening. But one thing's for sure, Phil is not okay.

My thoughts were bothering with the loud slam of the hospital doors, I open one eye to glance at who made the sound. Great... The United States of America. Pity. Is slamming doors open a thing of his now?

I watch as the capitalist storms his way over to me. Myself not moving an inch, unfazed. Heh, dude looks pissed as hell, basically fuming.

America storms his way over to as he suddenly grips the collar of my shirt, attempting to push me against the wall. Honestly, he's weak as fuck.

“THE HELL DID YOU DO TO PHIL? HUH?! WHY'D I SUDDENLY JUST GET A RANDOM CALL THAT HE PASSED OUT WITH ONLY YOU IN THE ROOM?!” America screams at me. My eyes glint at the smaller country. Heh, he only reaches to my nose.

I roll my eyes, clutching his shirt as I push him off me, which was honestly so easy. “I didn't do nothing. We were just catching up when he got a migraine and passed out.” I said in the usual tone I always had. Seems like he doesn't believe me. Typical USA.

His gray eyes stare into mine, through those signature sunglasses. “I don't believe you." He hissed. That voice is so.. annoying...

“That's your choice." I reply back, trying to keep calm. Ugh, I need to worry about Sunshine more than this... Capitalist.

“You did something didn't you?! Huh?! What did you do? Poison him?!" America continued to yell at me. It's drawing attention from the other people in the waiting room, watching two first world country have an argument on a random hospital on a Tuesday.

I'm starting to get agitated, stepping closer to him as I glare at the shorter country. “Shut up. You're drawing attention.” I speak in a

husky voice. America didn't seem to like that at all as I can see his face turn redder than it already was, probably might explode. Honestly, not a bad sight to witness.

“Don't tell me to fucking shut up when something happened to MY Phil!” ...Oh now this is getting personal. “Hah? YOUR Phil? You make me laugh, America. He is not yours and never. will.” I take another step closer, leaning closer to his face.

America pushes up his sunglasses, fixing it in place. “You don't know anything about me and Phil.”

“I know that Phil wants nothing to do with you. Isn't that why he broke up with you?” I had a snarky grin on my face. “Why did you still keep chasing someone who wants *nothing* to do with you?” My voice has a teasing and sarcastic undertone. Just trying to get under USA's skin.

There was a long pause.

[Third Person POV]

America suddenly screams out, pouncing on Russia as the two countries fall down to the hard tile floor with a loud thud. Ame let out another frustrated scream as he quickly moves in to punch Russia, the colder country successfully stopping it by blocking with his arm. “ЖИВОТНОЕ, GET OFF ME!” *(ANIMAL)* Russia yells.

America keeps throwing punches at him while Russia attempts to kick off the country, only for them to get back on top, sending another wave of punches. Russia gripped Ame's shoulders, pushing him back with a hiss, hitting Ame on the cheek with his knuckles. Ame fell back, clenching his teeth.

Soon, a security guard ran over and detained Ame down on the ground. Russia huffed, wiping his bottom lip with the back of his hand. He had a few obvious bruises on his face while America had a bloody nose, still pinned down by the guard.

[Short Time Skip | About 3 hours]

The two sat away from each other, right across the room to calm the two down. It worked. Sort of... There was still tension. The two was helped out by some nurses with all the minor cuts and bruises, also tending to America's bloody nose. Still some residue on his gray jacket though.

It was quiet, air thick. Only the sounds of beeping from machines, small chatter, footsteps on the tiles, and the TV playing in the background. Soon, a nurse walked in through the door, staring at a clipboard before looking up. “Russia and America, please come with me to a spare room.” He called out.

The two didn't waste time and bolted with the nurse to head into a spare room, occasionally pushing each other on the way as they went inside, standing away from each other. “What's the news?” America quickly asked with a scared tone.

The nurse took off his glasses, taking a quick inhale then exhaled, looking at them as he placed his glasses back.

“Philippines is in a coma.”

[Final Update]

Hey guys! Author here

Unfortunately, I'm here to say that this story will no longer be updated and will be left unfinished due to some reasons.

But don't fret! I may revamp this story (because the original script I had a lot of plot holes,,,) or create a new story entirely.

Maybe request some ideas? Will put them all into consideration. Doesn't have to be just countryhumans!

Here are some fandoms I am interested in ;

Mouthwashing
Undertale (AUs)
Percy Jackson Universe
+More

Sorry and see you guys soon!